

RAPIDS MEDICAL QUACK

Reporter Exposes System Before Noted Gathering.

WHISKERS USEFUL ADJUNCT

News-gatherer Gets Written Guarantee for \$5 that He is Cured of All Diseases—Puts Out of Business Concerns that Gathered in Thousands of Dollars—Praises Comstock.

New York, Nov. 15.—More than 125 delegates, representing various medical and pharmaceutical organizations of New York, Philadelphia, and cities of the South and Middle West, assembled in the Hudson Theater, in West Forty-fourth street, this afternoon to form a national body to fight against deleterious proprietary medicines and quack medical institutions.

Deputy State's Attorney Eugene O'Dunne, of Baltimore, suggested that the organization be called the "Public Health Defense League," and this name was adopted.

Austen G. Fox presided. President McGowan, of the board of aldermen, welcomed the board to New York for Mayor McClellan, who was unable to be present. Monsignor Lavat, of St. Paul Catholic Church, was spokesman for Bishop Farrelly. He said anything the clergy and laity of the Catholic Church in America could do to help in the crusade would be gladly done.

Thomas S. Barlow, a former assistant district attorney of Philadelphia, made a short address while seconding the resolution read by Delegate Robert E. Belcher. Among the delegation were many women—Mrs. Charles Hughes, wife of the governor-elect; Mrs. Elizabeth Gramis, national president of the Christian League for the Promotion of Purity; Mrs. Martha M. Allen, head of the department of medical temperance of the Y. M. C. U., who made an address and Anthony Comstock, of the Anti-Vice Society, Philadelphia, who was represented by seventeen delegates, mostly prominent medical men and college professors.

Reporter's Speech Applauded.

The longest speech, and the one that caught the audience the most, was made by Charles F. Stuart, a reporter for a Cleveland paper. Mr. Stuart told how his city editor called him up one day and told him to get after the quacks of Cleveland "regardless of expense."

"First I went to two big physicians of Cleveland," began Mr. Stuart, "and told them to go through me with a dark lantern. They said there was nothing the matter with me except a little bronchial affection due to cigarettes. Then under an assumed name I visited every big quack in town."

"I didn't give them a list of fake symptoms, because even a reputable physician, now present, could be fooled (laughter)."

"First, I called on one with whiskers; they all have whiskers, you know; but somehow or other this fellow's whiskers didn't see with the whiskers in his pictures. He said I could be cured of stomach, liver, lung, kidney, and other diseases which I never mention—all of which he discovered I had—for \$5. I bargained him down to \$5, and then he took me into a department with a name on the door a yard long, stretched me on a table, and while he began to massage me he turned on a lot of fake machinery and colored light which had the aura of a real deal. I—But say, I never made a speech in my life before, and I don't know whether I'm making good. (Cries of 'You are—go on' and laughter.)"

"Well he next made me sit in a static chair for three-quarters of an hour. Suddenly I asked him for a guarantee that I would be cured of all the diseases he had found."

Gets His Guarantee.

"You're almost half cured now," said the doctor; but when I insisted that I have a written guarantee, he handed me one finally that said I would be cured of what do you think?—prostate nephritis!"

"Now, if any doctor here can tell me what 'prostate nephritis' is, I'd be glad to be interested. (Laughter.) I asked him what it was, and he said that 'prostate covers all the diseases.' Can you beat it?"

"Also the private stores are the greatest system of graft in existence."

"After my paper had sent me the rounds of the city, we scoured them right and left, and called them robbers, cheats, and everything else by name. By that crusade we put out of business at least so far as Cleveland was concerned, firms that had been spending \$50,000 a year for postage stamps alone, and whose annual business was over \$500,000. If we had had the help of the post-office people we could have closed another big quack, but even when we submitted proof the Cleveland post-office people said, 'Oh, he's a good fellow. We've decided not to interfere with him.'"

Mr. Stuart said no matter how the weeklies and monthlies fought these evils, because of their natural character no specific results had been obtained. He argued for newspaper exposure, and said that if only one paper in each big town fought for the right they could be put out of business.

Praises Anthony Comstock.

Thomas W. Barlow, of Philadelphia, spoke principally of the work done by Anthony Comstock in the promotion of sweetness and light in New York. At the mention of Mr. Comstock's name there was some applause, one groan, and one hiss. "I noticed that bit of disapprobation," said Mr. Barlow, quickly, "and while praising Mr. Comstock, I am glad to say that I know him as well as anybody in the country."

Mr. Comstock later took the floor. He said he had fought vice for thirty-six years, and had received only abuse in return, but that he would keep on fighting the people that secure catalogues of schools and seminaries in order to secure names of young girls to whom were made obscene literature and pictures. He has confiscated fifty-eight tons of matter, "worse than the smallpox," he said. Mr. Comstock was listened to attentively by the delegates from other cities.

CUTS OFF HER BROTHER.

Ellen Z. Bosworth Gives Him Only Five Dollars.

Ellen Z. Bosworth, of 326 Prospect avenue, this city, made a will November 6, 1905, which was filed for probate yesterday.

According to its dispositions James Albert Shaw, her brother, is to receive \$5, while the remainder of her property is to be equally divided between her sisters, Mary M. Antoinette Shaw and Susan Price Shaw. Her property consists of house and lot, 1233 Emerson street northeast; her interest in house and lot, 226 Prospect avenue northwest; her mining interest in Benton County, Mo., and her interest in Galveston (Tex.) Oil and Gas Company stock.

Mary M. Antoinette Shaw, the testatrix's sister, is named as executrix.

Herald Want Ads will be received at Campbell's Pharmacy, 17th street and Park road and promptly forwarded to the main office.

CATS IN FASHION; SOME CAT-LOVERS

Cats have not gone out of fashion, however hard-pressed they are by bulls and terriers, poodles, spaniels and collies. Women are supposed to be the cat-lovers of this country, but occasionally men are found who evince a strange love for cats. They do not care for the coddling variety, but prefer the felines that lie around in the sun and stalk mysteriously at night.

"Hodge," the celebrated cat which shared the poverty of Sam Johnson, and ate liver and beef when his master went without, is a dignified figure in literature, an English bard having sung his praises in verse (not blank).

Alfred Henry Lewis is devoted to cats. His two favorites, Paul Pry and Pussy Willow, keep "tabs" on the clock and appear in the dining-room promptly at meal time. A friend of Mr. Lewis once sent him a letter in which a business matter was discussed, and some important questions asked. Appreciating Mr. Lewis' interest in cats, the writer concluded with a story about his wife's cat having eaten some pills, about the size of cat's buttons, which had been left on the dresser, and for which she had that day paid 75 cents. He repeated it as a joke on his wife. In the return mail came a letter from Mr. Lewis, which entirely ignored the business matter and questions, but was full of anxious inquiries as to the health of the cat.

When Mrs. Cleveland was mistress of the White House she owned a large black cat named "Otso." This animal came from Maine, and was like the two cats owned by the Misses Patten, and which are called "coon" cats. Otso had the same great tail peculiar to Angoras, and he developed a partiality for the Cabinet Room, especially when the President and his advisors met on Tuesday mornings to discuss affairs of state. At first Otso was welcome at these Cabinet meetings, but when he grew familiar, and executed sportive jumps from the shoulders of one Secretary to another, completing a series of leaps around the table and clashing the nap of frock coats, Mrs. Cleveland concluded that the coon cat must live elsewhere.

Accordingly, Otso was presented to a friend who loved and cherished him for several years.

One distinguished mark of favor was shown Otso by his new mistress in clipping the fur from his tail in summer to assure a strong and wiry tail. As a result, Otso presented a mournful spectacle during warm weather, though he was an object of beauty during the "season" when he wore his "long-tail coat," as Mrs. Cleveland used to say.

Otso had one mischievous trait, which was to lie in wait inside the front door for the person who entered the house last at night. Directly the front door opened Otso would jump and mount the nearest tree, where he insisted upon remaining for five minutes. Those five minutes were apt to be tedious to the person who persuaded him to come down.

Senator Elkins has a splendid Japanese cat, to which he is greatly attached, and which bears the name of a famous admiral of Japan. One day the Senator and Mrs. Elkins were lunching with the latter's sister, Mrs. Lee, whose small son occupied a seat at the table. It was during the Russian-Japanese war, and that topic under discussion. Finally the Senator's little nephew piped up: "I don't know your cat, Togo," could do tricks, Uncle Steve. Won't you please make him shoot off his cannon the next time I come over to your house?"

When Mme. Pezet, wife of the present Peruvian representative to the Central American countries—and formerly first secretary of the Peruvian Legation, here in Washington—came to town last winter, she was accompanied by her pet cat, Princess Phyllis, a creature white as snow, with deceptive light blue eyes. She was spoiled and indulged feline, and whenever she was left alone she shrieked and wailed and exhibited signs of fiendish temper. If Phyllis was crossed, she revenged herself by taking exercise upon the mantels and tables, and demolished bric-a-brac with her wild waving tail.

Mrs. Summers, who owns a whole family of pure Angoras, considered Mme. Pezet's pet a "back alley cat with a Connecticut avenue tail." This was a good-natured, though pointed, allusion to the absence of a gigantic ruff around the Princess' neck, which fashionable accessories is quite as necessary to the high-bred Angora as its enormous tail, according to some authorities.

Speaker Reed was a friend to cats, and he owned a splendid animal, tiger-striped and electricity-charged, which was never known to respond to a caress. It was a cat of immense size and dignity, and went by the name of "His Majesty-Tom." When the cat was apparently fast asleep, if the cat was apparently fast asleep, a few turns around the room and resettle himself for a nap.

Chief Justice Fuller has three cats which he has christened characteristically. "Stonewall Jackson" is the name of the real prowler of the trio; "Longfellow" is the long, lean, leisurely fellow, and the third is called "George Washington" because he glories in the unique color of Connecticut blue, which he shares his birthday with the Father of his Country.

Mme. Amaral, wife of the first secre-

FROM WOMAN'S VIEWPOINT.

Loyalty is a beautiful sentiment, yet it is quite possible to carry it to the verge of bad taste. For instance, it is scarcely good taste to exhibit an ostentatious display of loyalty to a man convicted of a crime for which he is to pay the penalty in confinement, at the government's expense.

No matter how good a husband and father and friend such a man has been, publicly expressed sympathy for him is wholly out of place. I am not sure that his crime is not the more serious on account of his social standing and his high political position, and it is rather putting a premium upon dishonesty to treat a criminal like a martyr. The attitude of mother and daughter is to be expected, as instances of loyalty under such circumstances are not rare.

I used to hear the daughter of an embezzler, who was serving a tolerably long sentence in prison, speak of her father as a much-abused man, as the victim of unfortunate circumstances and such, when widows were bearing the pinch of poverty through his theft. Few agreed with her, and many criticized her rather harshly for the attitude she took. The attitude, however, was all right, because she truly loved him and could only remember the many good things he had done. The fault was in her expression of sentiments that reflected upon the law.

We shall never understand why men, with devoted families and hosts of friends, go wrong. The natural associate of crime is want, possibly ignorance. A comfortable life, or rather surfeit of it, should be a safeguard, while as a matter of fact, a large percentage of offenders against the law is drawn from the better class of human beings. The joy of living must be unknown to them, else they would feel the time all too short even under the best of circumstances. It is inconceivable that men and women can voluntarily offend friends, neglect those who love them, and do other mean acts in open defiance of the law, yet facts prove they do all these things, and generally pay the penalty.

Can you understand the disposition that prompts women to be extra nice to notorious wife-beaters? Such things happen every day. A man can abuse his wife beyond the point of endurance, and find a welcome from scores who are ready and willing to take the place she has vacated. A man can commit atrocious crimes and find feminine sympathy, which is yet more amazing, and in some cases the point of bad taste is passed and left far behind.

It is incumbent upon us to be forgiving, but for the life of me I cannot see why a monstrous sinner should be treated better than a saint. The world makes a distinction between them and exacts expiation. I do not imagine that it would be possible to reinstate a Senator who had paid to the law the price of his treason, but if super-sympathetic persons had paid the way the feat would be accomplished undoubtedly, so blinded to the fitness of things are they.

BETTY BRADEN.

DAILY FASHION HINT.



A Charming Drapery Arrangement.

Very sheer fabrics predominate in both high and low-necked evening gowns. Pale yellow is the color note of the model illustrated, the orkida silk slip being of this fashionable tint, with the spangled lace over-dress partaking of shades of ecru, from cream to deep brown. The spangling of this over-dress is done with cut steel beads encircling shell pink stones, producing a truly beautiful effect. The high-draped girle is made of the lace built over a pink lining. Two small pink velvet bows are placed at the shoulder line of the low-cut bodice, defining the point for which rows of amber and pink beads are draped across the corsage and over the frilly sleeve puffs.

tary of the Brazilian Legation, disproved the theory that pets cannot be kept successfully without a yard, in accommodation at the Portland last winter. They were well-mannered cats, though they remained passive; inactive when addressed in English. Directly Portuguese was spoken they pricked up their ears and waved their tails in real appreciation of their mother tongue.

In the family of a well known physician who resides near Dupont Circle, a small fox terrier has been the recognized pet for several years. A few months ago the doctor's daughter was presented with a Manx cat—the tailless variety. Great difficulty was experienced in deciding upon the name for the cat, extreme jealousy in behalf of the terrier—whose name is rather ignominious—being responsible for the rejection of numerous and sundry high-sounding names.

"The cat is only the brother of 'Receiver,' any way," objected the cat's new mistress, "and he isn't entitled to a better name than this blessed old fox terrier, and what is more, he shall not have it. A bob-tail cat doesn't deserve a regular, proper name. Let's call him 'The Brother.' That will show Mr. Bob-tail that he is of only secondary importance in this household."

Accordingly, the Manx cat has never been called by other than the euphonious name of "The Brother." Every night about 8:20 o'clock a clear, girlish voice is heard calling to this feline in the yard, "Come—The Brother, The Brother, The Brother, The Brother, The Brother, The Brother." It took some time for the neighbors to realize who "The Brother" was. The fox terrier, by the way, was given the name of "Receiver" because he is usually employed in conjunction with a "mouthpiece."

Apropos of dogs, Admiral Dewey's little fox terrier is as bright a specimen as ever barked at cats. The admiral's Japanese valet and the terrier are boon companions, and the former tells a yarn about the latter's intelligence which may or may not be strictly the truth.

There is a bakery a few blocks away from the Dewey residence, to which the dog and the cat go in the way of paying frequent visits at one time. Upon these occasions the dog is usually treated to a roll, an article of diet for which he evinces a fondness. When the dog stopped going to the bakery, the dog was uneasy and restless. To indulge and quiet him, the baker's terrier was given a penny, and away went the happy canine to buy his roll. This performance was repeated regularly every morning.

The sagacity of the terrier was shown in his failing to visit the bake shop one day—although he had his penny—and using his money until, with two pennies, he appeared at the counter and selected a bun. Oh, wise little dog of the admiral!

Rent your vacant houses by inserting a small ad. in The Herald under Houses For Rent. The charge is only one cent a word.

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BETTY BRADEN.

QUEER THINGS ONE SEES AND HEARS.

"About the funniest thing I ever saw in a barber shop," said the veteran barber, as his razor hand described the line of beauty and descended with snow-flake softness on the cheek of the complaisant customer, "occurred when I was working for William Huhn, on Sixth street, way back in the '70s. One morning a young fellow came in somewhat nervous from the alcoholic effects of the night before. He explained his condition, and requested that his head be kept a little elevated, because he felt a bit dizzy, and that the operation be performed as soon as possible, as his nerves wouldn't stand for a long sleep in the chair."

"He hadn't been lathered yet, when a slender little man with blond hair entered and took the adjoining chair. But before the little man sat down he reached up and scalped himself, in one time and two motions, much nearer than an Indian could have done it. That is, he removed his wig, and revealed a bald spot that took in nearly his whole cranium."

"The young man had just turned to glance in the little man's direction as the operation was performed, and the look on his face was somewhat awful. He never said a word; just got up and sort of jerked his arms down hard and stiff against his sides, as if to hold himself together, put on his hat and left the shop and hustled away from the neighborhood, without a word of apology. And, considering his condition, I guess he wasn't a great deal to blame for his hurry, either."

"The little man in the blond wig," continued the veteran barber, "was the celebrated Col. William A. Cook, whose reputation for legal shrewdness and general ability was unsurpassed in his day. Mr. Huhn shaved not only Col. Cook, but many of the judges and other legal lights about the City Hall. He is still alive, the oldest barber in Washington, at over eighty years of age, and is boss of a little shop on D street, near Sixth, where he still occasionally shaves one of his old customers. In another generation his shaved Daniel Webster and other great men of the days before the war. At that time he had a shop in the Seaton House, which was a celebrated tavern in its day. When the city hall was occupied by the city post-office, and is now the headquarters of the Central Union Mission."

"Yes, Col. Cook took an active part in politics before the days of the Commission, and in that, as in everything he did, he was the center of a good deal of commotion. He was, I believe, a licensed minister of the Methodist church, and people have told me of having heard him move old-time revival meetings to tears by his eloquence. His voice was pitched rather high, and when he indulged in sarcasm or wit, it had a sort of soft, sanctimonious, twang which caused even his victims to smile—the next day, perhaps. Col. Cook shone as a criminal lawyer, and the prisoner at the bar who had him for counsel was fortunate. One day in a breach of promise trial the sending of bouquets between the parties was discussed. Col. Cook defended the man in the case, and said something about a bouquet sent to the complainant, when he was asked whether he couldn't enlighten the court as to the significance of the bouquet in the language of flowers. In the smooth, drawing voice, which he used on such occasions, the colonel said, as near as I now remember:

"I am not sufficiently conversant with the language of flowers to offer a literal translation of the message in this instance sent by the defendant to the complainant, but in view of all the circumstances, I should imagine he intended to call her a daisy."

"No, I've cut it out," remarked the former high-roller, as he refused the bibulous invitation of an old friend he hadn't seen for years. "Haven't drank anything for a year, and perhaps a little tragedy-comedy I saw in a saloon in Jersey City may have had something to do with my reformation. At least it set me to thinking about the huge amount of suffering a man will undergo for the fleet pleasures of the cup that cheers. A good-looking, handsome, nervous condition, entered the saloon in question while I was there. In front of the bar was a long strip of matting on which the nervous man stood as he ordered a cocktail. As he saw his image in the mirror behind the bar moving sideways without apparent cause, is something that cannot be described. The humor of the scene naturally produced a laugh at first, but when the victim of the joke began to show signs of absolute mania, the jokers became frightened themselves. Fortunately, he was released to a state of comparative composure after a time, and a couple of cocktails put him in shape for further festivities, in which, for a wonder, I refused to join. You see, I was somewhat nervous myself that morning, and must have been in an exceptionally thoughtful mood. And as I have intimated, the experience of the nervous man on the matting most likely had considerable to do with the change in my thirst-quenching habit."

Mrs. Hendrickson Buried.

Was One of the Oldest Members of Friends' Meeting and W. C. T. U. The funeral of Mrs. Benjamin E. Hendrickson, one of the oldest members of the Friends' Meeting, of this city, was held yesterday afternoon from her late residence, 28 Thirtieth street southwest. Mrs. Hendrickson, who was for many years identified with the work of the Woman's Christian Temperance Union, was the first to start the work of aiding and comforting prisoners.

Mrs. Hendrickson was born in Vincennes, Ind. She married Benjamin E. Hendrickson in 1865, shortly after he moved to Washington, where she had resided for thirty-five years. The funeral was conducted by Rev. J. E. Connel, of Baltimore, Md. The interment was in Oak Hill Cemetery.

OBJECT TO HOLY GHOSTERS.

Maine Governor to Be Asked to Remove Society from State.

Augusta, Me., Nov. 15.—In a report to Gov. Cobb, to-day, County Attorney Ralph W. Crockett, of Androscoggin County, who investigated the Holy Ghost Society at Shiloh, reports that Rev. A. B. Sanford and his institution are a menace.

The report details a number of cruelties practiced at Shiloh, and tells of women and children starved and frightened. The governor will be asked, on the strength of this report, to drive the Holy Ghosters from the State.

GOLF AT LAKEWOOD.

Storm Reduces the Probable Starters From Eighty-five to Forty-three.

Lakewood, N. J., Nov. 15.—Out of an entry list of eighty-five golfers, only forty-three this afternoon finished the qualifying round of the annual fall tournament of the Lakewood Country Club. The weather was wretched, and with a few exceptions the scores were exceedingly high. Dr. D. P. Frederick, of Oil City, who is of national note, finished fourth, while A. W. Trilling, of the Philadelphia star, was second. The best card was by Robert Weir, of Wilmington.

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I'M HONEST—MORGAN

Financier Tells of Principles Which Have Guided Him.

NEVER IN FRAUD IN HIS LIFE

First Interview Ever Given Describes His Relations with Chicagoans, Whom He Praises for Their Honesty—Opposes City and Government Ownership of Utilities.

Chicago, Nov. 15.—J. Pierpont Morgan, the well-known financier, has for the first time in his life given an interview on his personal affairs for publication, and it has come as a surprise. He said:

"I do not remember that in my whole life I ever willfully misrepresented anything to anybody at any time. I have never knowingly had connection with a fraudulent scheme. I have tried to do good in this world, not harm, as my enemies would have the people believe."

"I have helped men and have attempted in my humble way to be of some service to my country."

"As to my traction holdings, I am wholly at the mercy, it would seem, of the people here. It appears as if I were being dishonestly treated."

Came with Honest Purpose.

"I came to Chicago some years ago with the purpose of investing in traction in an honest, upright, fair, and square way. Surely no one can ever say that I have ever misrepresented affairs. And yet I am threatened with having my property practically confiscated."

"Wherever I have turned I have invariably met with double dealing, and this trait is not characteristic of the Chicagoans. Herebefore all my business transactions with the people of this splendid city have been pleasant. But the condition in which I find the Morgan traction holdings is annoying—irritating."

"I do not want it understood that I am placing the blame on the way my holdings have been abused upon any individual head. It is a general condition. The public here has misunderstood me and has looked on me as a man who is an enemy rather than a friend."

"I did not invest in Chicago without having given the matter thought and consideration. It seemed to me that it would be the easiest thing in the world to give the public good service, to improve our property and thus improve Chicago; to move along smoothly and with the welfare of the public considered more than the welfare of the capital invested. That was my aim. It would be so yet—no, as a matter of truth. But I do not know where I stand. It is the one financial project in which I find myself wholly at sea."

Opposes City Ownership.

"If the city should municipalize the street car traffic, do you think the result will please or, as a municipal investment, be successful?"

"No, I do not believe in government ownership, and less so I believe in municipal ownership. No government can run a railroad as economically, or serve the public as well, as if operated by individuals. If municipal ownership is attempted it will dispossess the public. Government ownership won't work in this country. In cities where the existing may be introduced, disappointments keen and disastrous inevitably will follow."

"I know nothing of the plans of the politicians. I know is that my property is being menaced. I can see no reason for having a conference with city authorities. There is nothing to talk about now. What I want is fair play. Sometimes I despair of getting it; but, after all, my confidence in the integrity of the people almost convinces me that in the end I will be treated squarely. That is all I want."

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FALL AND WINTER RESORTS.

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GO TO KENSINGTON

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ETHEL BARRYMORE

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